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THE WAMPUM

JUNE, 1917

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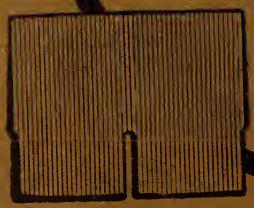

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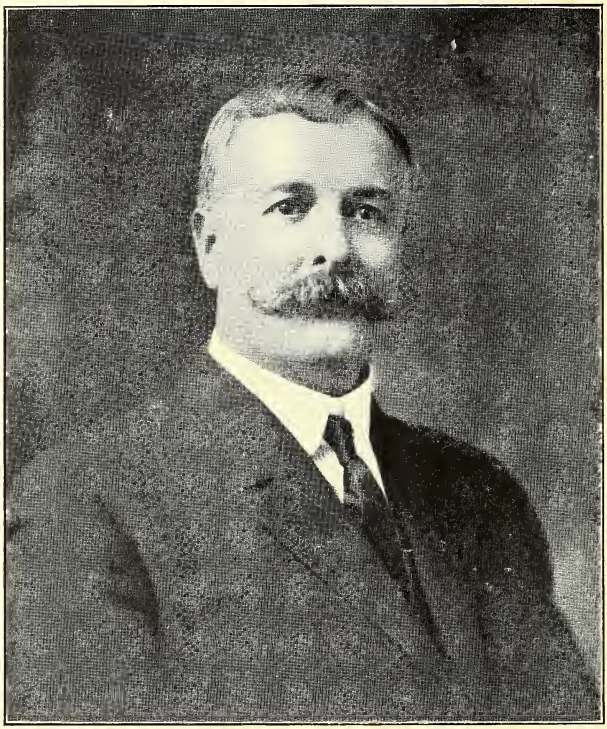

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THEY STOP THAT GRINDING PAIN

The Wampum

May Pembroke, Massachusetts 1917

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EDITORIALS

It is our hope that this year's issue of the "Wampum" is the best thus far. The school, as a whole, has seemed to take more interest in the paper than ever before. This fact is to be commended.

However, the greatest thanks are due to those men whose names appear in our advertising pages, for without their help the existence of a school paper would be short. And so, if by chance you happen to have dealings with them, you might suggest that their ad in the "Wampum" prompted you to so do.

Give them your support; they gave your school's paper their support!

Last year there were many crop failures in the United States. Not much farming can be done in Europe where the nations are fighting; consequently the food production of 1916 was very small there. As a result, our crops have been shipped across the waters, making prices high in our own country.

The question is, how shall we remedy this? We cannot let our people starve to help foreign nations; besides,

food prices are liable to soar higher because the United States has entered the war. To bring some relief, the government has declared that all idle farm land shall be given over to the state to be planted. If the season is favorable, this will probably insure a large increase over last year's production. The people themselves have taken hold of the idea; and every child in school should resolve to have a small garden.

Eat less and grow healthier!

One of the greatest evils of the American people is that of overeating. This has formerly been wrong from purely a physical standpoint; but with war upon us and a great shortage of foodstuffs, caused by natural conditions, the situation takes a very different aspect.

France and England must have grain and other commodities of life, for their lands and people are already taxed to the limit supplying the trenches and firing lines. So we now have the double burden of furnishing our own soldiers and those of our allies. Save England; her navy has saved us.

Now that there is such a loud cry about the lack of food stuffs, the pupils of all schools should find pleasure and profit in a small garden. Though the want is probably not as great as the various papers and magazines affirm, yet, what is the harm in being prepared? The pleasure one obtains from such a garden is greater than the labor put into it. What is so much fun as going into the fresh air and planting in the spring? What is so good as being able to gather fresh vegetables for the table from your own garden in the summer? And lastly, what is more pleasing than the harvesting of the crops for winter? If the pupils will only try it, I think their combined small crops will be a great help.

Latin is of great value in the mastery of literary English. It not only aids one in enlarging his vocabulary and in spelling difficult words, but it also increases his power to read, to understand, and to write English fluently. Moreover, the Latin student is less apt to fail in taking up the study of other foreign languages which are founded on Latin, since he knows the compounds and the way the words are formed. Again, Latin affords a deeper insight into the civilization which we have, in many ways, inherited from the Romans. On the other hand, those who do not study this language meet great difficulties in learning other tongues, and in understanding science; and traveling through the historic countries loses its charm. For practical use, also, Latin is helpful in nearly all kinds of trade and business, while it is necessary for the doctor, the lawyer, the artist, the musician, and all scientists.

To conclude, then, Latin is not a dead language, because of its association with the languages which are spoken today, and because of its close connection with all professions.

Good books are as necessary for a good education as proper food and exercise are for good health. Both are required on the way to success. Many times the search for exciting plots and stories which are all climax leads one to overlook the construction of the story. However, the test of time has proved that in order to last and be considered good, a book must be properly

constructed. Thus, in reading what is considered the best books, one must seek for pleasure not only in the plot, but also in observing English used to its best advantage. It is not always possible to obtain all the good points at one reading, but these books will stand more than one, and oftentimes the second is enjoyed as much as, if not more than, the first.

LITERARY

A VACATION ADVENTURE

Alvin Nash and Edward Sawyer, or "Eddie," as he was always called by his friends, had been playmates since childhood. Both were of about the same age and lived in the same neighborhood. Although their homes were in the city, nevertheless, both liked nature and hunting stories, for that was the only way they got a glimpse of the outside world. Often the windows of sporting goods stores, with their moose and bear heads, guns, and other paraphernalia of the woods, held them spellbound. How they wished they could have a chance to get amongst the denizens of the wild, away from the bustle and rumble of the city!

It seemed as if Dame Fortune saw and smiled on them, for the 20th of November brought a letter to Alvin from his Uncle Henry, who owned a lumber camp up in the Great North Woods of Maine. It said that if they had not already made plans for the Thanksgiving vacation, he would be pleased to have them visit him. How the hearts of the boys were thrilled! Would they go? Surest thing you know, if they could overcome parental objections. So they revealed the contents of the letter to their folks and asked if they might accept.

"Mighty dangerous thing, letting two seventeen year old boys go trooping off so far from home," said Mrs. Nash, and her sentiments were echoed by Mrs. Sawyer. But luckily for the boys, their fathers took another view of the matter. "It will do the 'kids' good to get into the open and be dependent on themselves awhile," said Mr. Sawyer, and Mr. Nash, and to this statement their wives finally acquiesced. Then the boys began to plan for the trip and collect the necessary articles. They were to start the 22nd, and although it was only two days away, it seemed an eternity to the youths. At last, however, with heavily laden suitcases they boarded the iron monster which was to convey them to Little Medicine Station, whence they would be taken to camp in a buckboard.

O'er hill and vale, past fields, woods, and villages, the train sped, until at dusk the engine came to a stop at Little Medicine, a flag station, and they piled out. As their letter had said, they were met by the buckboard and Joe, the cook.

After a tedious ride over logs and brush, the boys arrived at the camp. Here Uncle Henry welcomed them and assigned a shanty for their use. They soon retired, for the long train ride had been very wearing. Both boys were up at daybreak to partake of breakfast and see the lumberjacks leave for work. Then Uncle Henry brought out two

shotguns and showed the youths how to handle them. This took most of the morning; consequently the boys waited until after dinner before setting out, with instructions not to go beyond the "cuttings" and "trail," profecti sunt. Both shot a rabbit a little way from camp and were so "tickled" that they returned.

Next day they started out bright and early; but seeing no game, went back for dinner. In the afternoon the boys shouldered their guns and began again. When about two miles from the camp, Eddie saw a bear at which, with the ignorance of a city bred youth, he fired. This so angered the bear that he immediately charged the two boys. Alvin fired both barrels at the face of the infuriated beast, but this merely accelerated his speed, for the shells were only loaded with fine bird shot. Dropping the useless guns, the boys fled to a nearby oak and pulled themselves to safety just in time. Thereupon the bear, after watching the stranded hunters for awhile, sat down on his haunches beneath the tree.

"Well, we're in a pretty fix now," said Alvin, "I don't just love the idea of spending the night up here."

"We gotta get out somehow, but I'll be blamed if I can see the solution."

"I have it," exclaimed Ed, "I'll take the wads and shot out of my shells and make a bomb."

With his jackknife he emptied all the shells and poured the powder into a box in which he had carried some lunch. He fastened two strings to the pack, one to let it to the ground and the other to serve as a fuse.

Setting off the fuse he slowly lowered the crude weapon. The fuse sputtered, but did not go out. The strange contraption greatly puzzled the bear, who pawed it around and finally, when the fuse had nearly reached the powder, picked it up in his mouth. Presently a terrible roar, followed by clouds of smoke, broke the stillness. When the smoke cleared, the bear was seen lying on his side, dead, his whole jaw blown off by the force of the explosion The noise attracted many men from the woods, and they dragged Bruin back to camp. Here a half-breed skinned and cured the pelt. Three days later, taking the trophy of the hunt and promising to come again next year, the boys started their homeward journey.

W. A. C. '17.

WHERE WAS HIS KULTUR?

In the southwestern part of France there is a small rich territory from which its inhabitants, a band of honest farmers, had been sending good-sized amounts of food to help feed the French troops. Then, suddenly, the Germans discovered this plot of unravaged ground and immediately sent a regiment there with the order to "lay waste everything you can put your hands on, and kill every farmer you see."

The German troops approached the village slowly without being seen by the busy farmers. They camped in the shelter of a hill on the eastern side of the valley, and on the next morning the general sent out several scouts to learn the lay of the land and to discover how great was the defending ability of the farmer folk. One of the scouts, a young private, took up his rifle and started with an air which plainly said, "I'm glad to get out of this camp, even if it is only for a day."

He climbed to the top of the hill and thence into the valley. It was with a regretful sigh that he thought how this peaceful spot would look in a few days, and of the suffering which would fall

in those homes. But he mustn't think of that; he would be unable to do his duty (?) if he did.

He was still some miles from the village when he suddenly came upon a wall which surrounded a large field. In the middle of the field, which showed signs of a good crop to come, was a tall, slim figure clothed in blue blouse and overalls, bending diligently over its work. The scout dropped quickly to his knee and raised the rifle to his shoulder. The figure in the field worked on undisturbed. The fingers which held the rifle crept slowly toward the trigger. The figure straightened. The fingers which were now on the trigger seemed to hesitate. The figure's arms moved as if to drive away the intense heat of the sun's rays, and swept off the large straw hat; a shower of golden curls fell over the straightened shoulders. The fingers which had hesitated for a moment dropped; the rifle fell among the leaves. The young German picked it up and stole noiselessly back along the wall; the vision of another golden-haired girl in Germany, flashed across his mind.

M. M. D. '18.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

Francis Parkman was born in Boston on the 16th of September, 1823. His father, like his great grandfather, was a clergyman, and his mother a direct descendant of John Cotton. As his health was very poor, he spent most of his time while a youth with his grandparents, who lived in Middlesex Fells. Here he was wont to wander about the fields and streams, collecting, in his leisure, birds' eggs and reptiles.

At an early age he entered Harvard, where he showed a marked ability in composition. While a student there, he took a trip through the New Hampshire "wilds" for the sake of life in the open and adventure. He graduated from Harvard in 1844 with high honors.

Having made up his mind to study wilderness life, he set out for the prairies of Nebraska, accompanied by his friend, Francis Shaw. From here, after months of hardships and privations, he managed to get back to civilization.

Then, although very ill and almost blind, he wrote one of his most popular books, "The Oregon Trail." He also wrote other histories and stories of Indian life. He died in Jamaica Plain, in 1893. He is remembered chiefly for his truth in depicting Indian life and customs, a quality which many romances of Cooper and other authors do not possess.

W. A. C. '17.

THE BUSH-LEAGUE RECRUIT

Timothy O'Connor had been a bush-leaguer for three years before McGraw signed him as a pinch-hitter. On one occasion he had made a home run with the bases full; the following day he was hailed by the papers as a second Ty Cobb, and "Tim" thought the papers were right. Consequently, he asked the manager for a raise. The manager, however, thought the home run a matter of pure luck, and told Tim if he didn't like the salary he was getting, he knew what he could do. Tim, of course, realized that this meant the "bushes." "I'll show him," thought Tim, "what little he knows about baseball. All he does is warm the bench and hand the lineup to the ump."

The Dodgers were playing the Giants at the Polo grounds. Both were tied for first place, and the team that won would be in the lead. Up to the eighth inning neither team had scored. How-

ever, the Dodgers managed to get a run in the ninth on a base on balls and a double. On the other hand, the Giants had three men on bases in the last of the ninth with two out. O'Connor was to bat for the pitcher and the crowd, having in mind the home-run he had made on a somewhat similar occasion, yelled with such noise that people for miles around paused to listen. The opposing pitcher was a south-paw, and Tim's hobby was south-paws. The first ball pitched was of the variety that might be called either a ball or a strike, without causing a disturbance. The umpire, however, chose to call it a strike. The next three were high ones all going for balls. Tim fouled the next, making the count three and two. "Now," thought Tim, "he'll have to put one over, or pass me." So he resolved to hit the next one. The ball came, a wide one. Tim swung with all his might, and—next day he started for the minors.

E. G. W. '18.

THE NECKLACE OF RIIJAH

It was a necklace worth speaking about. The contrast between the pure white glitter of the perfect diamonds and the bold flash of the bright rubies was one of its novel splendors.

Riijah, the owner of the necklace, was the daughter of the wealthy Turkish merchant, Kiel. The three things that Kiel loved most in the world were Riijah, money, and music. Kiel had his private box at the great opera house in Constantinople, and it was there that he and Riijah spent many happy evenings. It was there, also, that Riijah often wore her beautiful jewels, among which was the necklace.

One night there came to the opera house a French chorus. A young man, whose looks as well as his voice probably helped him get this place, interested Riijah. He took only a minor part, but in one scene he was left alone on the stage for a few minutes. As Riijah bent slightly over the edge of the box, the man looked up. A smile came into his eyes as he saw the pretty face of Riijah turned toward him; then suddenly something very different took the place of that smile. He no longer saw the pretty face; he saw the flash of the necklace as it gleamed and coiled about the fair throat of Riijah.

Kiel and Riijah went often to see the French company. Then came the last night of its stay. The house was crowded, even to the boxes. Kiel had invited a party of friends to accompany him, and so it happened that Riijah sat in one of the back seats near the parting of the heavy curtains. She looked in vain for her favorite character; he did not appear. Toward the end of the last act, the curtains parted in the back of Kiel's box. A hand crept towards Riijah's neck; slowly, quietly, it came. Suddenly another hand shot forward; there was a sharp snap; then both hands withdrew holding the flashing necklace. Riijah's hand flew to her throat, but not in time. Her rubies and diamonds were gone. Later the whole city was searched, but no necklace was found.

Two years afterwards, when her father died, Riijah found herself in very different circumstances. She was left with so little money that she was obliged to sell the last of her jewels to pay the debts. With what she did have left, she studied music, and then went to Paris, hoping to obtain an engagement.

Thus it happened that on a certain evening Riijah was taking an important opera rôle in one of Paris's large houses.

As she stood waiting for the moment to appear on the stage, a great fear seized her. She had never taken part in anything but chorus work before, and tonight she must act with her singing. "Oh!" she thought, "if only I had my necklace, I should not have to do this."

It was time for her to go on. The house was full, but that did not bother her at first. At the end, however, she was supposed to swoon, and at the beginning of the second part of the piece she began to feel frightened and stiff. She glanced up at the boxes, and there, leaning over the edge of one, was a woman. Around her neck flashed and coiled Riijah's beautiful necklace. It was too much for the poor little singer; her voice wavered, and she fell forward in a faint.

The French manager had been a little afraid of his latest "find," but now—. With a bound he was out of his seat, and met Riijah just as she staggered to her feet. He seized her two hands.

"Charmant, charmant, si naturel!" cried the pleased and excited Frenchman, "I must keep you always, toujours."

Riijah smiled faintly. Her necklace had lost her a fortune, but gained her success.

M. M. D. '18.

LOST

It was dusk; already the shadows of night were beginning to fall. There was no moon, and the night bade fair to be dark and cloudy. One lone huntsman stood scanning the sky with an anxious eye. For some time he had been following the trail of a buck, not realizing that it was growing so late. The trail grew fresher and fresher until at last he spied the huge animal a short distance ahead of him. He raised the gun and fired.

He had secured his prize; but he did not know his whereabouts. So intent on the trail had he been that he had noticed neither the time of day nor the direction in which he had gone. He judged that he must be several miles from camp, but in what direction? He realized that it would be best to camp out for the night where he now stood. Fortunately there was a small brook near at hand. His preparations for the night must be made. So he skinned the buck with his hunting knife, hung the skin and meat from the limb of a tree, and gathered hemlock boughs for a bed. These he spread in a hollow.

After his preparations were all made, he cooked his supper of deer meat. It was a lonesome meal, and soon over. His sleep was deep and peaceful. When he awoke next morning, the first thing that he saw clearly was a thin column of smoke curling upward. It appeared to be only a quarter of a mile away. Arising hastily, he made straight for the column of smoke. Things began to look familiar. It was his own camp; there stood his friend Bob leaning over a bright fire, preparing breakfast. The hunter had slept next door to his own camp, believing himself to be miles away.

W. A. R., '18.

POLAND SPRINGS

Poland Springs, which is a noted summer resort, is situated in South Poland, Maine, only a few miles from Lewiston and Auburn. It is owned by the Ricker Brothers, who make a business of bottling and sending away the water from the spring, for which the resort is named. The spring house

is a pretty little building. The floors are made of tile, and there are pretty chairs, where one may sit down. The rock, where the spring bubbles up is encased in glass. Next to the spring house stands the bottling house. Here they have all kinds of machinery, which they use in bottling the water. Everything is spotless. The walls of the house are of glass, and the floors are of high grade tile. The workmen are all dressed in spotless white suits. There is a good-sized reception room with comfortable chairs, where one may sit and look through the large plate glass, and watch the bottling of the water.

This process is certainly an interesting one. First, the bottles are all washed inside and out with brushes; then they are thoroughly sterilized. The water flows from the spring through a glass pipe into a large stone tank in the bottling house. From this tank it is pumped through a pipe which is lined with block tin to an elevated tank. Then it flows to the bottling machine. The bottles are placed under the spouts of this machine to be filled. There are valves which shut off automatically when the bottles are full. The bottles then pass to the capping machine, where a small cap lined with wax is placed on each bottle. They are now allowed to stand for a given length of time, after which they are inspected by men who make this their business. If the slightest speck is found, the bottle is thrown out; but if it is perfect, it is wrapped in paper, and placed in a wooden case ready to ship. One thing we will especially note; the water does not come in contact with iron, brass, copper, or any metal which might have any effect on it. All pipes are made of glass or block tin, or lined with block tin or silver.

There is a freight house near by where the water is taken to be shipped. This freight house is connected with the bottling house by an endless underground belt, which makes it easy to carry the bottles back and fourth. This bottling process is so interesting that Poland Springs is a place well worth seeing if one has the opportunity.

H. E. H., '19.

1930

In the fall of 1930, as delightful a one as California had ever seen, my work being over, I decided to visit Pembroke, my old home town. The next morning I arose bright and early, and getting out my aeromobile, I started. All day long my motor hummed as I passed over villages and cities. It was obout eight P. M., when, according to my compass, I was over Bryantville. Turning my searchlight downward, I espied a field and prepared to descend. I landed successfully, in what proved to my great joy to be the field of Johnny Green, or had been in my day.

Walking up the lane, I was soon out on the well-lighted highway. Going down this broad macadamized road (it had been sandy and full of cradle holes when I was a boy) I met a man whom I asked about a good hotel. He said that the "Sweet Alice," kept by a man named Snow, was as good as any in the county. I walked down School Street to this noted resort and entered. A short man with an uncouth beard all over his face attracted my attention, and I asked him concerning a room for the night. No sooner had he spoken than I recognized him as my old friend, Bill Snow. As we sat there talking over old times, a little fat man

came rushing in with two suitcases. I thought he looked familiar, but a big hat on which was lettered in gold, "JANITOR," hid most of his face from view. Snow broke up my thoughts by asking if I did not recognize this old schoolmate of mine. Receiving a negative reply, he told me that it was "Art" Donnell, whom some weeks he had to pay as much as five dollars to retain.

Then all three of us began to talk, but not long; for a great big woman with sleeves bared to the elbows came into the room, and in trying to escape from her sight, Donnell knocked over the bookcase and stepped on the log.

"Why don't you do something, you lazy good-for-nothing?" she said, turning to the seemingly petrified "Art."

"I was just going to, my dear, as you came in; I have been helping the new waiter and writing my book, "How to Keep up in Bookkeeping." By this time I recognized the big woman as an old friend of mine. It seems that she was Arthur's better seven-eighths, the nuptials having been celebrated soon after their graduation. Then we resumed our talking, Mrs. Donnell, Snow, and I (Art having been sent by his wife to put the cats out).

"What has become of Perham? I suppose he is professor of French in some university by this time."

"No, the 'boob'," said Mrs. Donnell, "he has bought Mr. White's black stallion and Mr. Collamore's 'Adam', and with Currier's barge and this spirited span is carting the children to school."

"What is 'Red' Whitney doing?" I inquired. "Oh," said Snow, "since the death of Newton Newkirk he has been employed by the *Boston Post*." "Well, he always had a great sense of humor," said I.

"Where is Isabel Turner, who used to talk all the time on the barge?" I asked.

"Why, haven't you heard of her? She is advocating woman's rights. Only yesterday she lectured on the subject, "Should married men have to do housework?" and she certainly never gets out of breath."

"What of Dunn and Armstrong?"

"Oh, Mildred runs the 'Six Lady Barbers' Shop' on the corner and is contributing editor of *Anybody's Magazine*. Dorothy is matron of a little boys' school in East Pembroke and is also giving piano lessons. Hazel Hammond is employed by the 'Ladies' Aid Baked Bean Supper Association' as head waiter. Wanda Reed is private secretary for the 'West Mills Corporation'. Alice Gerow is teacher of voice culture and singing in the public schools of Pembroke and helps in the hotel here on busy days. Russell Brown is janitor of all the crowning edifices of the Center, since Frank Crafts has been retired on pension. 'Honk' Reed is raising hens on his big farm. Donald Armstrong is peddling fish and illustrating for the *Ladies' Homely Companion*. Charlie Johnson and 'Skipper' Hill have just built for Pembroke High a gymnasium, with their share from the World's Series. Agnes Christie is chief operator of the Plymouth County division of telephone offices."

"This makes the second time I have called you Walter. It is twenty minutes of eight, and if you expect to be to school on time you had better get up." It had all been a dream.

W. A. C., '17.

THE SACRED MEAL

Sanjakakoka (White Wolf) was a refugee. His father had banished him, though he had done no wrong. The Chief would not believe what he told, of how he had captured the stolen horse from the Sioux. Had it not been found in Sanjakakoka's coral?

The Chief had decreed that he should be killed on sight after sunrise, which was only four hours off, but he did not care. Death would be sweet to him, he thought.

The sun rose over the distant purple hills. He saw three young men of the village spur their ponies toward the place where he rested in his saddle, and a great anger arose within his heart. They had been his playmates, and now they were trying to kill him. He dug his heels into the body of his calico pony and rode over the sand hills like the wind. The race of endurance was now on. One of the pursuing horsemen was thrown over his pony's head, reducing the enemy to two. Slowly the calico pony was becoming exhausted. Its owner looked up and saw in the distance a pueblo village. A new hope came to him. If he could reach that, he was safe. His friends there would believe him and would not let his pursuers enter. While thinking thus, he came within a half mile of the village. His pony was now blinded by dust and nearly dead from running. Suddenly its foot fell into a prairie dog's hole, and it was out of the race with a broken leg. Sanjakakoka jumped off, secured his weapons, and ran forward. At full speed he climbed the stairs of rock to the village and told his story. The Chief went down and told the two waiting young braves that they could not enter. While decreeing thus, he scattered a line of sacred Indian meal in front of them, barring their way. If anyone crossed this line except a sun priest, death was his fate. The young warriors in their eagerness stepped on the other side and would have gone up the stairs had not two great boulders fallen from the cliff above and crushed them. The Chief solemnly gathered up the sacred meal and spoke to his men, who took away the boulders. Then in a quiet voice he said, "It is a fit punishment for the hasty. Go on your way, Sanjakakoka, and may the Great Spirit be with you."

A. F. C., '19.

HIS FIRST BITE

It was one of those quiet June days when the leaves of the trees were fully grown and the birds were back from the South. Not a ripple broke the mirror-like surface of the pools. It was at one of these pools where the tallest rushes grew that a boy, a small, ragged, freckled, dirt-begrimed boy, was seen coming through the bushes. He was adorned with a willow pole and a tomato can of freshly dug worms. Then after pricking himself while baiting up, he cast. He settled down as comfortably as possible upon a great log that had fallen across the lower end of the pool. Wonder-eyed he gazed at his line for the first nibble. It came, and with a gasp of excitement the lad gave a yank that would have raised a whale. He went with the yank, and was soon covered by the dark waters of the pool, from which he dragged himself some few seconds later, a wet, sad, and cleaner boy. His line, permanently lodged in a neighboring tree, was left behind, and the boy went home.

D. E. A., '20.

A STRANGE EPISODE

One night, as I was walking from the depot, I thought someone was following me. At first I paid little attention to this, but when I continued to hear footsteps behind me, I quickened my pace. The person, whoever he was, walked faster also, and I began to feel quite nervous. Coming to a fence, I vaulted it, thinking in this way to rid myself of my pursuer. However, as I looked back, a figure was vaulting over the fence, convincing me that I was being followed. Now it happened that nearby was a graveyard, and I knew that only the most desperate intentions would lead a man to follow me there in the dark. With this in mind, I entered and sat down by one of the tombs. While visions of robbers and murderers came to my mind, a man passed me, all but stumbling over my outstretched legs. I endeavored to pull them in, but in doing so, made a noise which caused the man to turn and see me. I stood up, my fists clenched ready to fight. "What do you want?" I demanded.

"For heavens' sake, is this the way you go home every night?" asked the man. "They told me at the depot that you lived next door to Mr. Jones, and as I was going up there I thought I might follow you."

E. G. W., '18.

SUPERSTITIONS

Dorothy Baker was getting ready to go to Boston on a visit. As she was rushing around the house, she bumped against a chair, and over it fell. "Oh, Dorothy! You make me so nervous. The tipping over of that chair is a sign of a disappointment. You had better not go to Boston," said her mother, who was a strong believer in signs.

However, Dorothy was not going to have her visit spoiled by a foolish superstition, so she continued to get ready. "See, Dot," cried her little sister Grace. "I found a pin! I will put it in my dress and have good luck before I go to bed."

"Run out to play. I would advise you to put that pin in the pin-cushion before it sticks into you." Thus it was that Dorothy showed her sympathy for superstitions.

Mrs. Baker looked in at the door and remarked, "While you are combing your hair, I will sweep up the kitchen, as my work is terribly behind this morning." As she picked up the broom, it slipped from her grasp, falling across the door-sill.

"Oh dear, we will surely have bad luck," wailed the nervous woman.

"I don't see why you have any cause for such thoughts, mother."

"Why, daughter! Don't you see that broom lying across the threshold? It is a sign that never fails."

"You are positively exasperating, mother, with your old signs. If you don't stop predicting bad luck, I won't catch the car," said Dorothy as she hurried back to her room to put up her hair.

In about fifteen minutes Mrs. Baker appeared in the bedroom again, saying, "Did you hear that dog whine outside the window last night? I have been so worried ever since. That is a sign of a death in the family. And I dreamed of black horses, which means the same thing."

"I should think a woman of your age would know better than to put so much confidence in such things. You will be a nervous wreck if the neighbors do not stop telling you the meanings of such foolishness. Is my lunch ready?"

"Yes," her mother replied, "You may think it foolish; but when I dropped that knife yesterday a man did call, and the time I dropped the fork and spoon your aunt Addie and cousin Ellen came. Didn't I tell you a knife, fork and spoon meant a man, woman and child would call?"

Dorothy sighed and reached for another slice of bread. However, she drew in her hand and looked sheepishly at her mother. "There is one sign I am rather wary of, and that is to take the last piece of bread on the plate. I would hate to have to be an old maid."

"Ha, ha! So you are a little foolish yourself. I ought to punish you by not giving you another slice, but I won't this time."

Dorothy laughed as she slipped on her coat. "I will wish on the first star tonight that you will keep well and happy while I am away. Good-bye, dear, here comes my car."

A E. G., '18.

A DISCONTENTED WASTE BASKET

The waste basket beside the desk was full. The janitor had forgotten it for three days. And still more paper was thrust into it. "I won't stand it," said the waste basket.

"Won't stand what?" said the telephone, who had heard the words of the basket.

"I won't stand being used as a catchall every day for all who come into this room. The janitor persists in forgetting me, and here I am, full and even running over."

"Well," said the telephone, "I wouldn't stand that myself. I know a plan for you when they bring paper and things. Do not hold them; let them out."

"How can I?" asked the basket.

"We'll get our friend the nail to catch ahold of you and tear the little straws."

The nail did as it was bidden, and the fancy part of the basket was torn. Just then a man entered the room and went to the desk. As he opened it, the telephone rang, and he hurriedly threw some paper and rubbish into the waste basket. When he returned, the paper lay on the floor.

"Well, I'll be hanged," came in surprise from the man.

"Well, I'll be hanged, too," said the basket as it landed in a pile of dump an hour later.

R. M. D., '19.

ISN'T IT WORTH WHILE?

Some people are of the opinion that a high school education is not necessary. They seem to think that the time spent in studying Algebra, Latin, Geometry, English, and other similar subjects is wasted. Such people believe that a grammar school education is "good enough." We will take an illustration of each case,—a boy having a grammar school education, and one who has received his high school diploma.

The first boy leaves school at the age of fifteen or thereabouts. Through some acquaintance he gets a position with an insurance company. He receives two dollars a day, which of course is good pay for a boy of his age. The time comes, sooner or later, when one of his superiors leaves—illness perhaps or another position. Our friend would like to take his place. Does he get it? No, and why not? He hasn't the training. He isn't

capable of giving orders; he cannot dictate a business letter that would be an asset to the firm. His illiterate conversation is one of his greatest drawbacks, but there are others. A capable business man must have the power to see a subject from all angles. Our friend hasn't this ability. Concentration is another trait found in every successful business man. It is developed by careful study and contemplation, but as our friend hasn't spent much time in this manner, he cannot concentrate. Consequently, we find him, at the age of twenty-five, earning fifteen dollars a week. Because of this and the H. C. L., he leads a very unhappy life.

On the other hand, the high school graduate advances in business. He is employed in a large wholesale fruit establishment as a clerk. In this business, much of the trade is carried on with foreign companies. Therefore, French and German prove a means of advancement. He can dictate a good business letter and carry on an intelligent conversation because he has studied English. His Algebra and Geometry have made him very accurate, and as "accuracy first" is the principal business slogan, this also proves valuable. He became more useful to his employer because he knows more, and in the course of a few years he has advanced to a higher position. When his hair begins to turn gray, he has a good income, and doesn't need to worry. Having earned his position and pile, he spends his latter years in ease and comfort.

This is no dream. Any business man will tell you that a high school education does a great deal toward preparing a person for business. Employers of today respect a high school diploma. Look at the paper tonight and see for yourself how many worth while positions are offered to young men and young women. Notice also the number of these ads which require that the applicant shall have a high school education.

I don't mean to say that a high school education will make you rich; I'm not saying that everyone who goes to high school will become famous, but what I say is this:

There is no successful person who did not rise by means of hard study and the determination to do things better than the best. If ignorance is bliss, there is no such thing as bliss in the business world.

E. G. W., '18.

A WATER SPOUT

In the morning it came up hot, and towards noon it was nearly unbearable. There most surely was going to be a storm. At the shore, where I was staying, it was always worse than anywhere else. Off in the west were huge black clouds containing wind, and some heavily laden with water. Our house was situated in a cove with long arms of land extending out into the sea at the right and left of us. The left arm was Brant Rock; the right was the Gurnet. The wind came up and swept the sea, leaving behind it a mass of whitecaps. In a half hour's time it was raining at our house. I looked over at the Gurnet and the sun was shining. From our house one could see the bay, and overhanging it a strange-looking cloud. I watched it until finally it came swooping down. It looked like a huge black arm descending, while on one side there seemed to be a stream of water rising. On the other side it appeared to be descending. This arm would come

down, stay a few moments, and go up to the cloud again. At first a narrow strip of mist could be seen; then it gradually broadened to half a mile. All at once it disappeared as quickly as it had come; as soon as that went, the storm cleared, showing a beautiful crimson sunset. Later I found out that the object was called a water spout, something frequently seen in this part of the country.

L. M. D., '20.

AMONG THE IMMORTALS

According to the modern idea in the thirtieth century, when a man dies he does not go to Hades or Erebus, as the ancients believed, but to Subterseania. This place was located in the misty deeps of the Bartic Ocean. For centuries the number of shades had increased until finally a modern city had been built among the slimy seaweeds, to the terror of the great greeneyed monsters who ruled the deeps. This city contained all modern conveniences, and no man above the age of fifty was required to work. The population was entirely male, since laws forbade the entrance of the fair sex.

The shades were transported hither by means of a large submarine which ran daily between the earth and Subterseania. The line was managed by George Mellen, former president of the N. Y., N. H., & Hartford Railroad, who still dabbled in stocks even in his place of banishment and frequently was known to be a heavy loser. His greatest boast, however, was that he had the honor to escort the Hon. William J. Bryan to his resting place.

On a warm summer night, in the above described locality, the main dining hall doors were flung open, and a mad rush for favorite seats ensued. Pandemonium reigned for a few moments; but when all became calm, the steward was found helping to his feet the enraged Monsieur Poincaré, who had been carelessly trodden upon during the rush.

When each shade had carefully spread his napkin in his lap, grace was asked by Mr. William Sunday. Beside the evangelist sat William J. Bryan, who was carefully pouring out the contents of a large-necked bottle bearing the label "Grape Juice." Opposite the famous peace advocate sat Theodore Roosevelt, ex-president of the United States and hero of San Juan Hill. Filling T. R.'s glass to the brim, Bryan brought his up in tribute to the former president, who responded with a jovial "De-e-lighted."

At the farther end sat Woodrow Wilson, another ex-officio, who was earnestly talking to Mr. Henry Ford, an automobile manufacturer, between sips, Ford was trying to get Woodrow to invest in a new model car which he was having patented, but Wilson refused, stating that he had saved but two buffalo nickels during his entire administration of eight years.

Separated from Wilson by two chairs, sat Charles E. Hughes, who had been elected president when he retired at night, but who had awakened in the morning to find that his term had expired. Since both were bitter personal and political enemies, they had scarcely spoken to each other after their banishment from the upper kingdom.

Others of minor importance were Charlie Chaplin, Jess Willard, Andrew Carnegie, Ty Cobb, and John D. Rockefeller. The absence of Edison was especially noticeable, but as this was a frequent event, he was not missed. On the pool table in the billiard room he

was making up for the sleep he had lost when he presented his astonishing inventions to the world.

The food having been digested, the toasts were opened by Billy Sunday, who had been the unanimous choice for toastmaster, since he had "the biggest gift of gab," as Enrico Caruso said, of all the shades.

The first speaker introduced was Bryan. He had chosen as his topic, "Peace at any Price," a subject which it pleased him greatly to speak upon. He said in part: "We must always maintain peace among us here, for peace is the brotherhood of man. We must settle all disputes by arbitration, not by the sword; for a victory without blood is far greater—." Here his speech abruptly ended as Charlie Chaplin, ever getting himself in wrong, applied a moist spit-ball, which had been dipped in salad dressing, to the peace advocate's nose. This resulted in a physical encounter, which ended only when the two were seized and carried off to serve two days with only doughnut holes to eat.

Apart from the rest in a nearby corner sat Kaiser Wilhelm. The German Emperor, who had been a very naughty boy in the upper kingdom, had been punished there by a seat apart from the rest. Sunday, always a gentleman, politely asked that he hear from the Frankfort King, but Bill Kaiser had not a word to say.

When the toasts were finished, all retired to the recreation rooms, where some indulged in games, others in topics of general interest. It was at this time that a heated discussion arose in the lounging room. Rockefeller asserted that Newton Newkirk should have been arrested when he lived in the upper world. Newkirk, he claimed, was Harry Thaw's chauffeur when that flighty individual escaped from Mattewan. Sherman Whipple, in order to adjust the disagreement, offered to hold a trial at which each should have a fair chance to produce evidence and necessary witnesses. With a water pitcher serving as a gavel, Whipple called together the court. He said, "We are holding court here this evening to decide whether or not Newkirk should have been arrested for his part in Thaw's escape. Mr. Rockefeller, what is your charge against the prisoner?" John D. cleared his throat and in a hoarse voice responded, "For reckless driving, your honor."

"How so?" inquired Whipple gravely. About this time Mr. Rockefeller's patience was well nigh exhausted. He replied, "I repeat, your honor, for reckless driving. I have proof here that the prisoner drove through the town of Mattewan at high speed with a loose nut. What more is needed, your honor, to prove him guilty?"

This last statement sent the entire shade population into convulsions of laughter at Thaw's expense. At the end, Whipple judiciously pronounced the prisoner released, as it was a clear case of one and one making two.

At nine-thirty all retired to bed, where the shades wearily laid their heads on their pillows and fell asleep. Nothing could be heard in the stillness but the deep-mouthed bay of a heavy sleeper, and the incessant beating of the water against the coral reef. And as the sun gently rose in the eastern sky, a wearied boy awakened in Bryantville, Mass.

A. H. D. '18.

SUPPOSE

It was a lovely morning, about four o'clock. The sun, which had just risen, was throwing glistening beams over an

expanse of blue-green waters. A man came from behind a sand bank, and pushing a dory from the shore rowed to a motor boat. In a few minutes he was at the engine, and the big boat began to plow her way out. Evidently he was a lobster dealer, for a great pile of lobster pots, all baited, with their anchors and ropes attached, were on the front of the boat. At last he reached a place which was quite free from bobbing lobster buoys. He reached forward, and taking hold of a rope, was about to push one of the pots off, when an extra large swell came and threw the man forward. Instantly the pots began to slide off, pulling the man with them. Ropes tangled about his legs, and the rocks pushed him down. He grabbed for the side of the boat and—missed it. Again he reached, and this time his fingers closed about the edge. Struggling and breathless, he pulled himself onto the boat. He looked about him. On three sides lay an ugly expanse of green waters, on the other a faint strip of yellow beach, and not a soul in sight. Again he looked into the gray waters, and under his breath he murmured, "Suppose—."

M. M. D. '18.

THE LOST WORLD

"The Lost World" by Conan Doyle is one of the most interesting books written in recent years. The story is as follows: Malone, a London reporter, proposes to the lady he loves, but he is refused. She tells him that he must do something dangerous, and wonderful before she will marry him. Malone gets an assignment from the head reporter the next day; he is to interview Prof. Challenger, a man who has a marked ability for kicking reporters into the street. Malone goes into the gutter in the same manner as many others have gone, but upon his telling the interfering officer that it is his own fault, Challenger invites him back. In this second visit Challenger shows him proof of an unknown world in South America.

At a lecture a few days later, Challenger tells the people that there is a great plateau in South America on which there are many prehistoric animals. He receives much jeering, but his suggestion of a party to investigate the matter somewhat quells the noise. Three men volunteer to go, Malone, John Roxton, a sportsman, and Prof. Summerlee.

Several days afterward the three set out, with sealed orders which they have faithfully promised not to open until the noon after their arrival in South America. When they open the envelope, they find nothing but a blank piece of paper; Prof. Summerlee, who believes this a proof that they have come on a wild goose chase, calls Challenger a few names, and says he well return as soon as possible. He has hardly finished talking when Prof. Challenger walks in; he has come to take charge himself.

They soon get together a band of negroes and some provisions, and the next day they start into the wilderness. Very little happens on the way from civilization, and about two weeks later they find themselves before a large plateau. This plateau is about six hundred feet high, and it is with great difficulty that they get to the top. They find a dense forest there, into which they no sooner disappear than they hear a loud crash. Upon returning they find that the only means of descent which they know of has been destroyed by an enemy of Roxton. They build a small camp, where they store

their provisions and make themselves quite comfortable for the night. The next day in their explorations, they find a large swamp in which there are hundreds of huge flying reptiles. The professors get into an argument, and make so much noise that they alarm the beasts and are attacked. Two of the men are bitten so severely that they are very ill with a fever for several days.

About two o'clock one morning Malone is seized with the idea of going out alone and seeing the great lake, which they all know is in the middle of the plateau. He finds a gun and starts out, but is very sorry for his action long before he reaches the lake. In his haste he has taken a shotgun, and he finds the woods silent and ugly. He reaches the lake, however, and sees many strange animals; he even thinks he sees lights in the distance. On returning to camp, he is chased by a monstrous beast. He hurls his worthless gun away and runs faster than a man ever ran before or since. In his great haste he stumbles into a pitfall, where he remains stunned for several hours. Finally he climbs from the pit with little trouble and staggers toward camp. His horror is increased to the limit by the sight which lies before him. The camp is torn to pieces; their provisions are strewn over the ground, and near the gate is a small pool of blood. He spends the rest of the day in a fruitless search for his companions. The next morning, after he has restored the camp as much as possible, he feels a touch upon his shoulder. He turns quickly to look into the pale, drawn face of Lord John Roxton.

Roxton soon told the story without any questioning from Malone. They had been awakened about daylight by an attack on the camp from over a hundred ape-men. Only one shot had been fired; they had soon been overpowered by the strong beasts and dragged to their colony. There were other prisoners there, small men, a type of Indians. That morning they witnessed the execution of about half the Indians. They were hurled from the top of the plateau onto a great field of bamboo six hundred feet below, with the idea of seeing whether they would be speared by the sharp sticks or would fall between them and be dashed to pieces on the hard ground.

Malone and Roxton get four guns and hasten to the rescue of their friends. They arrive just in time; the ape-men are preparing to hurl them from the plateau. A few shots, however, scatter the ape-men, and their companions join in helping them save the four remaining Indians, one of them a young chief. The Indians lead the four explorers toward their village. They are met by a strong force that has started out in search of the young chief. After a little sign-talking they all decide to make an attack upon the ape-men accompanied by the four explorers with their high power rifles.

The next day at dawn they started out to fight the great battle. The Indians had bows and arrows and long poles with sharp pieces of bone attached. They spread out in a long line about six deep with Summerlee and Malone on the right flank and Roxton and Challenger on the left. The first skirmish was with about fifty of the ape-men, who made an assault on the middle of the line. They were armed with great clubs which they wielded with fearful effect, often killing four or five before they could be speared. The attack was easily repulsed without any help from the gunners. They soon got under the trees,

however, and then the real fight began. The woods were alive with the beasts; some were on the ground with their great clubs, while others were in trees hurling down huge stones. The howling and shrieking was deafening; the ground was covered with dead and dying. The ape-men, even in their last struggles, would bite a piece of flesh from a leg, if any came near them. The Indians once started to give way, but the encouragement of the gunners rallied them, and they charged. The foe in the tree had long before either climbed down or jumped onto the heads of their enemies, so that they had nothing now to fear from that direction. Soon the ape-men broke and fled; they were pushed backward to the very place where the day before they had executed the Indians, and there the ape-men disappeared from the plateau and went out of existence.

The young chief, being very grateful to the four explorers, showed them an underground passageway from the plateau. Their only luggage was their rifles and a large crudely-fashioned box; the contents were known only to Roxton and Challenger. Zamba, the one negro that had not deserted them, had sent for a rescue party, and the trip to civilization was uneventful.

At a lecture given soon after their arrival at home, Prof. Challenger proved all his statements by the use of the contents of this large box. It was one of the flying reptiles which had attacked them in the swamp.

As soon as he was able, Malone went to see Gladys, whom to his unimaginable surprise he found married to a clerk. The next evening at the club, Prof. Challenger had a surprise for them. He had, while on the plateau, picked up many small stones which he thought might be diamonds, and upon investigation he found them to be worth about two hundred thousand dollars. He would listen to no other agreement than an equal division; and upon asking them what they were going to do with their portions, he learned that Summerlee intended to establish a museum, while Roxton and Malone were planning to take another chance on the old plateau.

W. G. P. '18.

ATHLETICS

1916.

P. H. S. 7—P. A. 0

The first game with Partridge, played at Pembroke, resulted in a shutout for P. H. S., who won 7 to 0. Crowell was practically invincible, and the boys from Duxbury were unable to solve his delivery.

Summary: Batteries, Pembroke, Crowell and C. Johnson; P. Academy, Briggs and Fortesque. Struckout by Crowell, 13; Briggs, 8. Base on Balls off Briggs, 4; off Crowell, 4. Umpire, Chandler.

P. H. S. 17—K. H. S. 8

For the first time in several years, Pembroke met Kingston High School for a series of two games. The first one was played at the Plymouth Cordage Co.'s ground where P. H. S. showed its ability to hit the ball. The game was a wild one with many errors by the home team. Pembroke walloped the ball to all corners of the lot, and when the ninth inning was reached the score stood 17 to 8 in Pembroke's favor.

The second game was called off, ow-

ing to the disbandment of the K. H. S. team.

Batteries: Pembroke; Crowell and C. Johnson; Kingston, Henry and Howland. Struckout: Crowell, 13; Henry, 6. Base on Balls off Crowell, 2; off Henry, 4. Two Base Hits: Graham, Snow, Crowell and Raymond.

P. H. S. 2—P. A. 1

The second game with Partridge Academy proved to be a closely contested one. It developed into a pitcher's battle between Crowell and Briggs, with the former a shade better than his rival. Pembroke secured its first run in the fourth, on a two bagger by Crowell, which sent Snow home. Partridge evened things up, however, in her half, when Crowell made a wild heave over second, which sent the little Duxbury catcher over the pan. Not until the ninth was P. H. S. able to put across the winning tally. With Snow on third, Fortesque tried to catch him napping and threw over the third baseman's head. "Bill" then leisurely romped home with the bacon.

Summary: Two Base Hits; Crowell. Struckout, Briggs, 9; Crowell, 15. Hit by pitcher, Burkett. Base on Balls; Crowell, 5; Briggs, 1.

With the Partridge game ended Pembroke's schedule for the season. Seven games were played, all of which were won by Pembroke. This is a record of which the townspeople should be proud, and one for future teams to try to duplicate.

Crowell was the unanimous choice for Captain and Burkett for Manager; but because the latter left school, Snow has been acting in that capacity.

The baseball team for 1917 is much different from those that have represented P. H. S. in the last two years. E. Johnson, Crossley and Graham were lost by graduation, and Burkett, our speedy shortstop, went to Rockland. We were, however, successful in having some very promising material from the incoming Freshman class, and Whitney, a Junior. The position of E. Johnson, last year's heavy hitter and captain, has been taken by Whitney, who handles it like Jake Daubert. Snow has been shifted to shortstop, where he is playing his accustomed good game. Markie is playing second, and Donnell again guards the "hot corner," a difficult place on account of the roughness of the ground.

Our crack battery, Crowell and Johnson, were ready at the first call; the former twirled them over in fine style and his partner, Johnson, received them like a veteran. The number of candidates for the outfield was the largest in years, showing the interest each one has taken in the sport. Hill, West, and Torres are the first choice, with Roberts and Reed close seconds.

We wish to thank Mr. Warner for his gift, and also Mr. Shepherd for the use of the field.

The freshman stood on the burning deck,
And so far as we can learn,
He stood in perfect safety,
For he was too green to burn.

Ex.

The young man led for a heart,
The maid for a diamond played,
The old man came down with a club.
And the Sexton used the spade.

Ex.

O, ENGLISH! DREAD ENGLISH

O, English! dread English! my fearful test is done;
My brain has weathered every wrack, but has the mark been won?
The end is near, the bell I hear, the scholars all exulting,
While pencils scrape the last few lines on questions grim and scaring.

But O test! test! test!
O the cold drops of perspiration!
While on the desk my paper lies,
My final inspiration.

A. F. C. '19.

OUR TEAM

The baseball team of Pembroke High
Went up of a sudden into the sky.
But Crowell, our captain of well-known fame,
Hauled it down from that dangerous plane.

Left by Johnson, Graham, and Burkett, dear,
We thought we'd have a pretty tough year.
But Whitney came from Everett far
And rode to school in Bill Howard's car.

We've moved the players all around,
And now they're stepping on natural ground.
So cheer for Pembroke High once more,
And we'll be victorious as of yore.

C. L. J. '17.

A REVERIE

If I had the wings of a bird I'd fly
Over the trees to Pembroke High,
For the old home town my heart's a-yearning,
Back in the place where I got my learning.

For in that town I know there's joy;
'Twas there I played when, a barefoot boy,
I tucked my books underneath my arm
And journeyed to school past the Pembroke Farm.

And when I reached the schoolhouse there,
And saw the girls so pretty and fair,
At their beauty I would ever thrill;
That is the reason I never was ill.

And as I think of my comrades still,—
Crowell, Perham, Whitney, and Bill,—
Do they think, I wonder of, the fun we had,
When each was a foolish, mischievous lad?

If only the Lord would give to me,
The little wings of the busy bee,
O'er the towns I would quickly soar
And land inside the High School door.

A. H. D. '18.

THE LOST POEM

I had a poem all composed;
'Twas jolly and sublime,
Not only perfect in its style,
But excellent in rhyme.

I showed it to an aged aunt,
One balmy summer morn;
Now mind you, she was old and lame,
With many an aching corn.

She jumped and ran, then hung her head,
And next she had a fit;
And then she laughed, aye, loud and long;
At last, I'd made a hit.

She laughed so hard, her ears dropped off,
But still she laughed away;
She laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed;
She laughed the whole long day.

For many a day she did the same;
A limb dropped off each week,
So when the first month had gone by
My poor aunt was a freak.

They captured me, the town police,
Then put me in the jail;
I pined away, I lost my health,
Grew wretched, poor, and frail.

My aunt soon died, and willed to me
The oaken bucket old;
I took the *bail* and got away;
The rest of it I sold.

This poem has gone, gone from my mind;
It fills me full of grief.
For there's one more I'd like to kill,
Our editor-in-chief.

W. F. S. '17.

LOCALS

The class of 1917 held a very successful fair Friday evening, February 9th, in the Assembly Hall. A short entertainment was given, consisting of selections by the School Chorus, the Boys' Glee Club, and the orchestra. Dancing followed until twelve accompanied by Young's orchestra. The following pupils had charge of the tables: Candy table in the form of a lily pond, Alice Gerow, Ethelyn Hill, and Dorothy Jones; fancy articles, Agnes Christie, Mildred Dunn, and Isabel Turner; fish pond, Arthur Donnell and Wilfred Perham; peanut grab, Thomas Macy; ice cream, Walter Crowell, Willard Snow, and Charles Johnson. A distinctive feature of the event was fortune telling by Mrs. Macy. This department was enjoyed immensely and was well patronized. Both tables and hall were prettily decorated in red, white and green. We wish to thank all those who helped us in making this fair socially as well as financially a success.

In October Mr. Coe gave a talk on books, showing which ones are the most helpful to us and why. In February he gave a lecture on the laws of memorizing.

On November 3rd, Fire Prevention Day, Mr. Shepherd came to the school and gave a short talk on fire extinguishers, demonstrating their use.

On February 21st in the Assembly Hall, patriotic exercises were held, consisting of selections by the School Chorus and pieces spoken by the Grammar School pupils. Oral themes were given by two students of the English classes. A good number of the townspeople were present, as well as representatives from the Relief Corps and Grand Army.

The Alumni Association held a Pop Concert on March 16th. A large crowd was present to enjoy the music and dancing.

In 1916 at the Business Meeting of the High School Association, it was suggested that two pupils of the High School, one from the Junior and one from the Senior class, be appointed to serve on the executive committee. The motion was carried, and Mildred Dunn and Walter Crowell were chosen.

The Pembroke High School Association held its fifteenth Annual Reunion and Banquet on Saturday, May 5th. In spite of the poor weather, it was very well attended by graduates, undergrad-

uates, former teachers, and friends. Herbert L. Shepherd acted as Toastmaster in the absence of Mr. Ernest G. Hapgood, who has enlisted in the Home Guard Service. The menu of the banquet was excellent and served with the customary skill of Mr. Damon, the caterer. The program was as follows:

Orchestra.
Speeches.
Supt. George Allen Coe.
Frederick Johnson Simmons.
Julia W. Morton.
Vocal Solo, Emily Shepherd.
Speeches.
Harry W. Litchfield.
Pearl D. Drake.
Violin Solo, G. Herbert Clarke.
Speeches.
Joseph W. Church.
Ruth Robinson.
America.

The banquet was followed by dancing, which was enjoyed by all. Clarke's orchestra furnished music.

The classes have elected their officers as follows:

Freshman Class.

Montcalm Reed,	President
Lillian Dunn,	Vice-president
Walter Hill,	Secretary
Ernest Christie,	Treasurer

Sophomore Class.

Adolph Markie,	President
Ruth Doten,	Vice-president
Dorothy Jones,	Secretary
Hazel Hammond,	Treasurer

Junior Class.

Wilfred Perham,	President
Mildred Dunn,	Vice-president
Ethelyn Hill,	Secretary
Arthur Donnell,	Treasurer

Senior Class.

Charles Johnson,	President
Walter Crowell,	Vice-president
Agnes Christie,	Secretary-treasurer

EXCHANGES

The Eltrurian,	Haverhill, Mass.
The Argus,	Gardner, Mass.
The Exponent,	Greenfield, Mass.
The Beacon,	Chelsea, Mass.
The Magnet,	Leominster, Mass.
The Phœnix,	Montpelier, Mass.
The Talent,	Granby, Mass.
The Echo,	Gouverneur, N. Y.
High School News,	Geneva, N. Y.
E. Z. Marc,	Templeton, Mass.
Shamokin High School Review,	Shamokin, Pa.
The Polygraph,	Riverside, Cal.
The Pinkerton Critic,	Derry, N. H.
Red & White,	Woodstock, Ill.
The Oracle of Athol,	Athol, Mass.
The Powder Horn,	Duxbury, Mass.
The Index,	Worcester, Mass.
The Vermont Pioneer,	Randolph Center, Vt.
Papyrus,	Pendleton, Ind.
The Clarion,	West Hartford, Conn.
The Hermonite,	Mount Herman, Mass.
Peter's High School Index,	Southboro, Mass.

The Beacon—Yours is the best paper we receive. Your joke page is a dandy.

The Exponent—Your class numbers are a good way of arousing school spirit.

Shamokin High School Review—Your cuts are above the average. Your Exchange department is to be envied.

The Eltrurian—You are always welcome. Athletics are good.

The Vermont Pioneer—Why don't you have an Exchange department?

The Argus—You have an excellent paper. You must have a great cheering section for athletics.

The Magnet—Your literary department is good, and your cuts are fine.

The Index—Your joke department is very good.

The Oracle—Your business manager must be a hustler.

FAVORITE OCCUPATIONS

"Every knock is a boost."

Snow: Dreaming of "her" (we don't know who she is) and consequently, making up book-keeping.

Perham: Chasing Donnell around, inquiring of Crowell if he has done his French, and bluffing in History.

C. Johnson: Bawling out some one for muffing a fly, and pawing over the *Literary Digest.*

Crowell: Studying his Cicero and writing in his Rockland Trust Co. diary.

Whitney: Cracking jokes stale and otherwise, and doing nothing. Playing baseball.

M. Dunn: Trying to look like the girl in the Woodbury's Facial Soap advertisement.

Brown: Taking up the greater part of the entry and grinding out his Algebra.

A. Johnson: Playing the piano, hanging around the girls, and asking foolish questions in Geometry.

Hazel Hammond: Getting A in Geometry and looking at Markie.

A. Gerow: Talking to either Willard or Wilfred and making some one move the typewriter.

B. Chase: Bringing her brother to baseball practice and growing.

E. Hill: Complaining because she can't go to some dance and saying, "That's as far as I went" in French translation.

D. Armstrong: Covering the northeast region of the room with lunch crumbs and complaining because she has to walk to school.

E. Christy: Grinning and telling

how "they" beat West Hanover 12 to 11.

W. Reed: Making sure that her brother hasn't forgotten his books, and averaging A in all her studies.

A. Christy: Translating Latin (?), exclaiming "Oh, hemlock," and scrapping with Johnson.

R. Torres: Supplying information for the girls and doing fine (?) work in Latin and Algebra.

M. Reed: Doing justice to his mother's cooking and mixing up the magazines on the library table.

A. Currie: Roaming around the room second period in the afternoon and combing (?) his hair.

L. Dunn: Tending strictly to her own affairs and bluffing everyone into believing that she doesn't care at all for the boys.

W. Hill: Throwing that imperceptible little out-shoot of his and telling us we ought to have been to the movies last Saturday.

M. Butler: Outlining *Spectator Papers* and taking a trial balance (?).

V. Hoxie: Going to school with her sister, coming from school with her sister, and sitting in front of her sister.

W. Jennings: Trying to be a second Edison with a battery and test tube.

I. Turner: Chewing gum and going to dances.

Whitmarsh: Getting 100 (?) in Algebra.

D. Jones: Laughing over some joke she doesn't see through, and trying to get East Pembroke on the map.

F. Roberts: Throwing the bull and muffing pop-flies.

Macy: Explaining "how it works," and carrying one of the girls' bags to school.

Donnell: Springing the jokes he heard in Boston, and with the assistance of Crowell, doing some Gaiety Act.

Markie: Keeping as far from the girls as he can, and studying his Geometry.

Ford: Minding Bessie and cultivating his hair à la Beethoven.

West: Correcting Cæsar and casting furtive glances over D. Jones' way.

F. Mann: Trying to impress everyone that she's a regular Theda Bara, and singing alto.

E. Crossley: Blushing and saying, "Stop."

What is so rare as a day off in June?
Then, if ever, comes steady work;
Then teacher tries pupil if he be in tune,
And if not, after school he must lurk.

A. E. G. '18.

In Physics:—

Mrs. F.—"Name the three different cells."

Donnell (meekly): "Gravity cell, crowfoot cell, and padded cell."

A Misunderstanding.

Teacher: " 'Staggering along I saw a drunkard coming down the street.' What is wrong with this sentence, Macy?"

Macy: "Sounds as though you were drunk."

Miss R—: (dictating spelling words to Markie) "Separate Markie."

Miss R—: "Donnell, where's your home work?"

Donnell: "Er-er, I forgot to go home last night."

Experienced.

Roberts: (in Latin) "Vos moneo ut prudentis sitis. I advise you *not* to be wise."

In English a discussion arose as to who the great Roman emperor was who sat on his castle roof and watched Rome burn. Macy suggested that it might have been Reno.

Brownie is going to reduce. While looking through the encyclopedia the other day, he discovered what made the Tower of Pisa lean.

In Music.

Miss Merrill: (reaching the hardest part of the song) "What do we do here?"

Donnell: "Rest."

Walter: "May I tell you the old, old story?"

She: "Yes, dear."

Then Walter told for the fiftieth time how we beat Hanover last year 25 to 0.

Donnell: "Do you think I can do anything with my voice?"

W. Hill: "Yes, it might come in handy in case of fire."

Whitney: "How's the world treating you, Frank?"

Crafts: "Very seldom."

In History.

Mrs. F—: "What is the greatest burden that the men of every nation have to bear?"

Snow: "Women."

Physics Law.

The deportment of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk. Ex.

Mrs. H. "Oh, dear, it tells here in the paper how a poor baseball player died at the plate."

Mrs. Y. "Killed himself by overeating, I suppose." Ex.

Whitney: "Why is Crowell's mustache like a baseball game?"

Johnson: "Break it gently."

W—: "Nine on each side."

'20: "Excuse me for walking on your feet."

'18: "That's all right; I walk on them myself." Ex.

Did you notice Snow's upper lip? Pass around the hat and help a good cause.

If a man made his son rise before sunrise, wouldn't he see the son rise before the sun did rise?

Torres: "A fellow just told me I looked like you."

West: "Where is he!!"

Torres: "Oh, I killed him."

Tombstone Inscription.

"Here lies dentist Smith filling his last cavity." Ex.

Teacher: "What tense is 'I am beautiful?' "

Student: "Past." Ex.

Mr. Howard: "What makes the bad odor in this post office?"

Ethel G—: "Perhaps it's the dead letters."

He: "Did you see those autos skid?"

She: "How dare you address me in that manner!"

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

He's only a Freshman.

From Roberts' theme: "He was six feet three in his bear feat."

THE ENTRY

The entry of the High School is a beautiful, dusty, insufficiently ventilated little hole. Into this, at recess, try to crowd about eighteen boys and Russell Brown. If you wish to get anything to eat, it is best to arrive there first and hold tight to your food. In winter the entry, which is about 10 by 6, is either so hot that one sweats, or else cold enough to make liquid air. The doors are artistically decorated with pencil marks, heel marks, and numerous other figures inflicted by those who were brought up in a barn.

A, B, C, POEM OF P. H. S.

A is for athletics, in which we hope to shine.
B is for baseball, three cheers for the nine.
C is for Charlie, our catcher of fame.
D is for Donnell, who plays the good old game.
E is for Edgar, his last name Whitney.
F is for Ford, spelt like a jitney.
G is for Geometry, sometimes a mystery.
H is well known, it stands for history.
I is for Isabel, a witty young sophomore.
J is for Johnson, who is sometimes a bore.
K is for Kenneth, who left us of late.
L is the learning, which knocks at our gate.
M is for Markie, shortstop on the nine.
N is for nothing, but to make this rhyme.
O is only if we had more boys.
P is for Perham, who makes enough noise.
Q is the questions over which we fret.
R is the results which we sometimes get.
S is for singing, which we all enjoy.
T is for Thomas, a very tall boy.
U-unless school spirit is encouraged,
V-various ones will become discouraged.
W is for Walter, a cranky old senior.
X is exams, sometimes a redeemer.
Y is the youngsters, who are sometimes blue.
Z is only to bid you "adieu."

POPULAR SONGS

Turn Back the Universe and Give Me Yesterday—All of us on Monday.

Why Should I Care What Becomes of Me Now?—Perham, about to take a Physics test.

Just Because She's from a One-Horse Town is No Sign She's a One-Horse Girl—Dorothy Jones.

It's Only a Dream—Freshman class.

She Used to be the Slowest Girl in Town—Dorothy Armstrong.

She May be Old, but She's Got Young Ideas—Isabel Turner.

What do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?—Hazel Hammond.

Good Bye, Good Luck, God Bless You—Class of 1917.

The Longest Way Round is the Sweetest Way Home—Willard and Alice.

Out of a Town of 1000 People, Why Do You Pick on Me?—Avis Rideout.

One Wonderful Night—Reception.

What Do You Mean You Lost Your Dog?—A. Ford.

When Dreams Come True—Torres getting A in Algebra.

Along Came Ruth—Miss Doten and ——.

Are You Half the Man Your Mother Thought You'd Be?—All of us fellows.

Sunshine of Your Smile—Rose Kaplan.

Those Charlie Chaplin Feet—W. Perham.

The Kid is Clever—Donald Armstrong.

Dance and Grow Thin—Ethelyn Hill.

Pretty Baby—Florence Hoxie.

Who's Going to Love You When I'm Gone?—W. Crowell.

I Hear You Calling Me—Donnell's favorite about seven in the morning.

Oh! You Beautiful Doll—Elsie Shurtleff.

My Little Dream Girl—Ask Snow.

All He Does is Follow Them Around —Alfred Johnson.

You'll Always be the Same Sweet Baby—Elsie Crossley.

The Sweetest Melody of All—Almond Blossoms (?).

The Long and Short—Thomas Macy and Walter Jennings.

Whisper and I Shall Hear—Helena Bates.

Do That Funny Fox Trot—Ellen Shurtleff.

Thy Beaming Eyes—Minnie Siegel.

There's Someone More Lonesome Than You—Helen Bridges.

Last Night Was the End of the World—The Seniors on June 22.

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